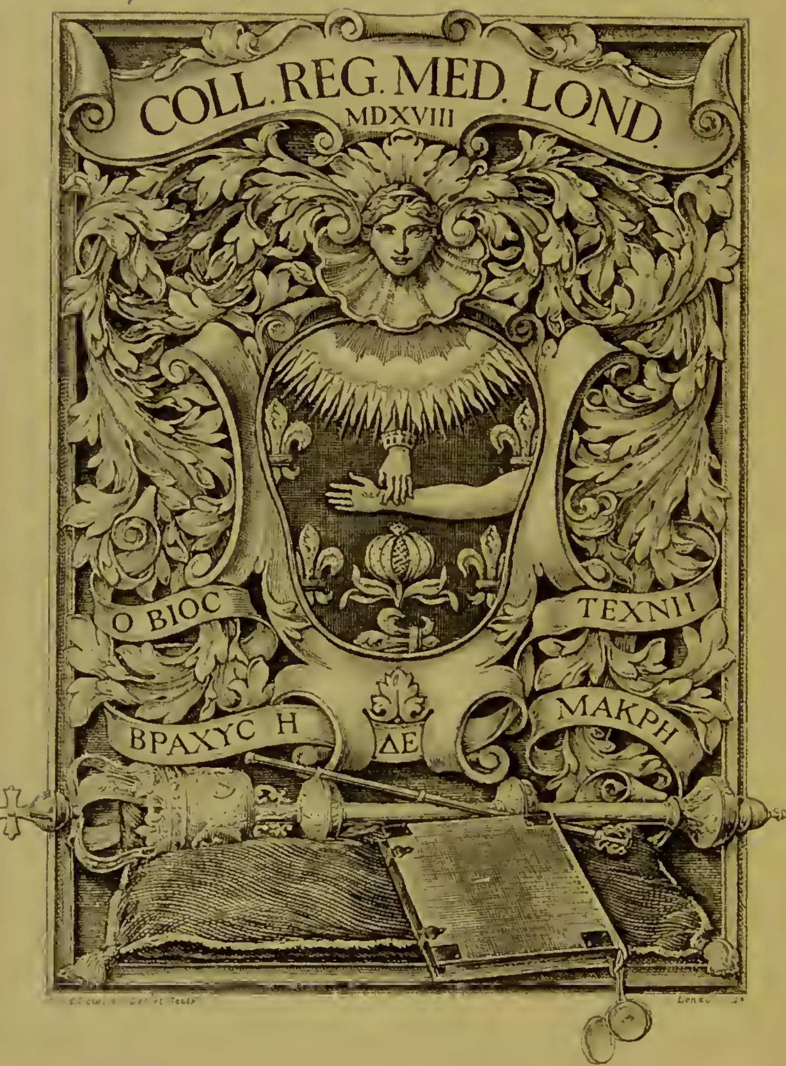

COLL. REG. MED. LOND.
MDXVIII
Ο ΒΙΟϹ
ΤΕΧΝΗ
ΒΡΑΧΥϹ Η
ΔΕ
ΜΑΚΡΗ

The proceeds of the Sale of the NUGÆ CANORÆ MEDICÆ are to form a Contribution to the Funds of the NEW TOWN DISPENSARY.

T. G. WEIR,
Secretary, N. T. D

17, THISTLE STREET, *February* 1850.

NUGÆ CANORÆ MEDICÆ:

LAYS

BY

THE POET LAUREATE OF THE NEW TOWN DISPENSARY.

> " As for your heroes and brave boys,
> With whom old Homer makes such noise,
> The greatest actions I can find
> Are, that they did their work and————dined."—PRIOR.

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MDCCCL.

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PREFACE.

"Tu vero cavebis, edico, quisquis es, ne temere sugilles auctorem hujusce operis, aut cavillator irrideas. Imo ne vel ex aliorum censura tacite obloquaris (vis dicam verbo ?) neque nasutulus inepte improbes aut falso fingas."

Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholie.*

NUGÆ CANORÆ MEDICÆ.

Both at once, and better than either.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

AIR—" The Pope, a happy fellow he,
From all the strife of wedlock free,
Lives well and drinks the best of wine,
I wish the Pope's gay life were mine."

INGLIS, a happy fellow he,
From all the fears of champagne[1] free,
Lives well, and quaffs this precious wine,
Nor pays, how oft soe'er he dine.[2]

[1] Convivial Bye-Laws of the Medical Officers of the New Town Dispensary :—

I. If any Medical Officer be married in the course of the year, he shall provide champagne for the dinner-party in the succeeding February.

II. If any two unmarried Medical Officers are so caught, they shall provide, one claret, the other champagne, for the February dinner.

III. If three or more be married, they shall provide all the wine to be consumed by the said dinner-party.

IV. In the event of there being no case of marriage in the course of the year, the married Medical Officers shall provide champagne; but any married Medical Officer who has had twins in his family shall be exempted from the operation of this regulation.

V. Any married man who shall be elected a Medical Officer shall be held as having been married during the year in which he was elected, and shall provide champagne accordingly.—*Enacted* 1833, *and modified by subsequent Statutes.*

[2] *Vide Supra*, Bye-Law, No. IV.

But then to his paternal cares
The fresh additions come in pairs;[1]
One at a time 's enough for me,
The Fates from couples keep me free!

Balfour, another fellow quite,—
A jolly dog, a lucky wight,
Holds in the West his mighty state,
A learn'd Professor, rich and great.[2]
But then, like his diœcious weeds,
A solitary life he leads;
I would not lead, for all his fees,
A life so void of joy and ease.

So here, my friends, come drink with me,
The merry men of N. T. D.;[3]
To both our friends give honour due,
And be Balfour and Inglis too.
For, thanks to Cox, I 've champagne free,
So what has Inglis more than me?
And though in Glasgow I 've no chair,
I hold one in St. Andrew Square.[4]

[1] At Edinburgh, on the 16th December, Mrs. Archibald Inglis of twins, a boy and girl.—*Edinburgh Newspaper, December* 1839.

[2] The Queen has been pleased to appoint Dr. John Hutton Balfour to be Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow.—*Gazette, May* 1841.

[3] Prescriptions are in general to be written on the paper issued at the Dispensary, but when other paper is substituted, the letters N. T. D. are to be conspicuously prefixed.—*Regulations to be observed by Pupils attending the New Town Dispensary.*

[4] Douglas' Hotel, 34 and 35 St. Andrew Square.—*Edinburgh Directory.*

A Dinner at Douglas's Hotel.

By Phelim O'Snigger, M.D.

Air—"St. Patrick was a gintleman."

A host most rare
Was Douglas dear,
And both sedate and stable,
He kept a Hotel,
You know it well,
And in one room a table.
It's a big affair
St. Andrew Square,
So is Moray Place, in troth, too;
But I'll tell you a gap
That's a daeper trap,
And wider than them both, too.
Och 'twas into that place
[It's the hole in my face]
That I put the champagne, swate cratur',
And, thanks to Brown,
Ye all must own,
There's nothin' was chaper or swater.

Chorus—*Then success to Mister Douglas's fist,*
He niver let us faint, O;
He gave the champagne corks the twist,
He's a beauty without paint, O.

There was niver a throat
That table about
That e'er could complain of the thirstin',
'Twas much more like
That each hungry tyke
Should fill himself full to the burstin'.
The wires is nipped,
The corks is slipped,
And out they flies with a pop,
And every man
Drinks as hard as he can,
For there's none of them pays for a drop.

'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist,
For he niver let them faint, O, &c.

That dacent Saint,
St. Patrick, went
Across to Donaghadee, Sir,
And drew his breath,
Though betwixt his teeth
He carried his head in the sea, Sir.
But what was that,
I ask ye, Pat,
To a chap they call Maclagan,
That inside his mouth,
I tell ye the truth,
Had sewed a carpet-bag in?[1]

[1] A remarkable anatomical fact, first accurately demonstrated at a Newhaven fish dinner by the late lamented Professor Reid of St. Andrews.

Och ! if you had seen
The good champagne
Goin' down this fellow's gullet,
Ye 'd have said that France
Had niver a chance,
With all its wine, to fill it.

'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, &c.

Down the throat of this thief
Sich lumps of beef
And sich taties and greens there glided,
That the ox, if alive,
You 'd say could thrive
On the fodder he placed beside it.
And the fish, d' ye see,
Went merrily
Right down his throttle skimmin',
For they knew there would be
Of champagne a sea
Below for them to swim in.

'Twas all the effect of Douglas's fist, &c.

But besides this lad
There was his Dad,
And twenty more around them,
And they laughed so hard
That with half a yard
Of cotton-thread ye 'd have bound them.
With mirth and fun,
And many a pun,
They wiled away the night then;

Och, never fear,
Ould Father Care
Got a mighty thunnerin' fright then.
'Twas all the effect of Douglas's fist, &c.

At the top sat down
One William Brown;
He must have found it expensive;
He had to pay
For the wine that day,
And the drinkin' was rather extensive.
Thim thirsty boys
Left him no choice,
And they gave a raison rum for 't—
He had married a wife,
To aise his life,
And they made him pay for the comfort.[1]
'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, &c.

In a seat at the foot
One Omond they put,[2]
And they made him sit facin' the Chairman;
And I judge by his look,
And the place that he took,
That he managed the whole affair, man.

[1] Bye-Laws, No. I.

[2] *Minutes of Meetings of Medical Officers.*—31st March 1837, *inter alia.* "It was proposed by Dr. Pagan, and agreed to, that Dr. Omond should succeed Dr. Inglis as Medical Secretary."

He was the lad
That always bade
More champagne corks to bounce still.
It was a way
He had learned, they say,
When in the City Council.[1]
'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, &c.

Then next to the chair
Sat Pagan dear,
A very knowin' codger;
A Doctor now,
But once, they allow,
A bloody, fightin' sodger.
To square amounts
And settle accounts
With the world's population,
For thim that he slew
At Waterloo,[2]
He brings fresh ones now to the nation.[3]
'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, &c.

[1] Final state of the Poll, Fifth Ward—

Gibson Thomson, Liberal and Non-intrusionist,	231
Augustus Maitland, do., ...	230
Dr. OMOND, do., ...	228
Dr. Macaulay, do.	225

Edinburgh Municipal Election—Scotsman, Nov. 3, 1841.

[2] 33d Regiment—Wounded, Lieut. S. A. Pagan, severely, &c.—*Waterloo Gazette.*

[3] New Town Dispensary—Physicians-Accoucheurs, S. A. Pagan, M.D., &c.—*Edinburgh Almanac.*

The next o' the brood
Was Andrew Wood;
They called him the Inspector;[1]
But why that same
Had got the name
I never could conjectur'.
Thim doctor blades
Has got queer trades,
And this was one, ye'll own:
He sould could meat
That none could eat,
And for that he was paid by the Crown.[2]

'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, &c.

The next chap there
Was one called Weir,
That nately handled the glasses,
Whose work, they say,
Lies night and day
Among the *labourin'* classes.[3]

[1] And be it enacted, that it shall be lawful for His Majesty's said Principal Secretary of State or Chief Secretary, as the case may be, immediately on the passing of this Act, or as soon thereafter as may be necessary, to appoint respectively not fewer than Three Persons to be Inspectors of Places where Anatomy is carried on, &c.—*An Act for regulating Schools of Anatomy, anno 2d and 3d Gulielmi IV. Regis, cap.* 75.

[2] And be it enacted, that it shall be lawful for His Majesty to grant to every such Inspector such an annual salary, not exceeding One Hundred Pounds, for his trouble, and to allow such a sum of money for the expenses of his office as may appear reasonable, &c.—*Anatomy Act, ubi supra.*

[3] New Town Dispensary—Physicians-Accoucheurs, T. G. Weir, M.D., &c.

One Begbie, too,
Who made an ado
At a Non-intrusion meetin';
But this nate little plot
Was clane forgot
When it came to the crammin' and eatin'.

'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, &c.

And there was one
George Paterson,
Who, though he ate a good dinner,
Yet never did I
In my life descry
A mortal bein' thinner.
Laugh and grow fat,
As you know, Pat,
The ancient proverb's term is,
Yet this human ghost
He never lost
The look of "*Epidermis.*"

'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, &c.

But to balance that,
And show that fat
To mirth will follow after,
One Duncan was there,
With shoulders square,
That merrily shook with laughter.
About him they made
A mighty parade,
And all because he had tied

A bit of a string—
No mighty thing!—
In a hole in a fellow's side.[1]
'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, &c.

There was Watson
And Hamilton,
A chap—but that's no matter—
Who had gone to spy
How folks mind their eye,
On the other side o' the water.[2]
I 've heard it said,
When a tragedy 's played
That floods from the eyes is seen,
But them chaps can spout
A cataract out,[3]
And that beats Kemble and Kean.
'Twas all for the good of Douglas's fist, &c.

They saw Douglas work
On like a Turk,
But they never thought of his fist,

[1] Case of ligature of the external iliac artery, by James Duncan, M.D.—*Vide Journals of Surgical Hospital.*

[2] Substance of an Introductory Lecture to a Course upon the Structure, Functions, and Diseases of the Eye; comprising a Comparison of the state of Ophthalmic Science in Germany and England; and a recommendation to introduce the German method of instruction into the British Schools. By Robert Hamilton, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c.—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, April* 1843.

[3] Historical and Critical Remarks on the Operations for the cure of Cataract, by Alexander Watson, M.D.—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, 1845.

Till at last he complained
That his thumbs was sprained,
And that he was tired in the wrist.
Says Omond, "Friend,
Your waiter send,
He 'll manage, never fear it;
And now we think
We'll change the drink,
And we'll try a taste o' your claret."

CHORUS—*So to work then went the waiter's fist,*
And he niver let them faint, O;
He gave the claret corks the twist,
Like a beauty without paint, O.

In a twinklin' sure,
A dozen and more
Had down their throttles fled;
Yet never a one
Thought it time to be gone,
Or to take him off to his bed.
They'd ne'er have gone
At all, but Brown,
That dacent man, gave warnin',
That he thought it right,
Bein' Saturday night,
They should leave before the mornin'.

So to work then went the waiter's fist, &c.

But when all was done
There came such fun
That I laughed till I scarce could utter;

It was seein' them clap
A dandy chap,
Newbiggin', upon a shutter.[1]
How Wood got on,
To me 's unknown—
I 'll find it out if I can ;
But they say that his wife,
For fear of his life,
Had sent up Trotter's van.

CHORUS AND FINALE—

So there was an end of the waiter's fist,
And an end of this illigant feast, O;
And when next he gives the corks the twist,
May we all be there to taste, O.

[1] Shutters will be provided, and Trotter's furniture-van will be in attendance, as usual, for such gentlemen as may require them after dinner.—*Private and confidential note by the Secretary to the Medical Officers.*

Liebig's Physiological Chemistry.

Air—"The little jack-daw and the big jack-daw,
They sat upon a tree."

If you please, Mr. Preses, make use of your time,
And don't let 's get dry in the throttle,
But take my advice, as the claret is prime,
And order us in a fresh bottle.
We 've Liebig's authority, well you 're aware,
That we men of the North can consume
More alcohol far than the Southrons dare,
Without being the worse for its fume.[1]

This Liebig has found out our life's golden rule,
And much will it please honest people,
To find that he proves Father Mathew a fool,
And that life is maintained by the tipple.
For by oxygenation to vapour we turn ;
This, he says, one of Nature's strange laws is ;
And without hydrocarbons within us to burn,
We perish by eremacausis.[2]

[1] If in hunting or fishing, we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to consume 10 lbs. of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow-candles into the bargain, daily, as warmly-clad travellers have related with astonishment of these people. We should then also be able to take the same quantity of BRANDY or train-oil without bad effects, because the carbon and hydrogen of these substances would only suffice to keep up the equilibrium between the external temperature and that of our bodies.—*Liebig, Animal Chemistry*, 2d edit., p. 22.

[2] In the wasted bodies of those who have suffered starvation, the muscles are shrunk and unnaturally soft, and have lost their contractility ;

Teetotallers dabble in coffee and tea,
And think themselves wise all the while;
But if Liebig be right, these 'll not do for me,
For he says that they turn to bile.[1]
No! a taste of the alcohol's nearer the thing
For a man of poetic vocation;
For your bard couldn't laugh, and still less could he sing,
Without elements of respiration.[2]

Thus, man 's but a big spirit-lamp, as we see;
And lamps all require you to cram 'em
With plenty of spirit of good density,
In order to *alere flammam.*
Then keep up the alcohol stimulus all;
Thus alone you 'll preserve your condition;
Or you 'll find yourselves soon in what Bennett would call
A state of anormal nutrition.[3]

all those parts of the body, which were capable of entering into the state of motion, have served to protect the remainder of the frame from the destructive influence of the atmosphere. Towards the end, the particles of the brain begin to undergo the process of oxidation, and delirium, mania, and death, close the scene; that is to say, all resistance to the oxidizing power of the atmospheric oxygen ceases, and the chemical process of eremacausis or decay commences, &c.—*Liebig, Op. cit.*, p. 27.

[1] Without entering minutely into the medicinal action of caffeine, it will surely appear a most striking fact, even if we were to deny its influence on the process of secretion, that this substance, with the addition of oxygen and water, can yield taurine, the nitrogenized compound peculiar to bile. —*Liebig, Op. cit.*, p. 180.

[2] Among the elements of respiration in our food are wine, beer, spirits.—*Liebig, Op. cit.*, p. 96.

[3] Treatise on Inflammation, as a process of Anormal Nutrition, by John Hughes Bennett, M.D., Edinburgh, F.R.S.E.—*Edinburgh*, 1844.

Gradus ad Parnassum.

It happened, Sir, last night, that from my home
In fancy somehow I was led to roam:
I left the dull abodes of sickly men,
My books, my lectures, Surgeons' Square, and then
(Bright was the sky, delightful was the day)
Forth on an open plain I held my way,
Up from whose centre, towering to the sky,
A two-topped mountain reared itself on high.[1]
"What hill is this?" I said; "Can Arthur Seat
Have split his head into two halves so neat?
That's not Ben Lomond, Ledi, or Dumaït;[2]
It seems a stiff 'un, yet I'd like to try it."
I bent me to the task—was forced to stop
For want of breath, when half way to the top,
And with fatigue and weary limb oppressed,
Under a rock I laid me down to rest.
I lay, I slept—how long I slept 's no matter—
I had been there till now, but that a clatter
Of human voices woke me; not the strong,
Big, burly notes of men, but the loud, long,
Yet somewhat silvery sounds of female tone;
Sufficient cause for wakening up, you 'll own.
I started, rubbed my eyes, exclaimed "that's queer;
Why, what on earth can women do up here?
Some pic-nic party—I 'll lie still and hear."

[1] Mons ibi verticibus petit arduus astra duobus
Nomine Parnassus, superatque cacumine nubes.
Ovidii Metamorph., i. 316.

[2] Dumaït, the highest of the Ochils.—*Black's Scottish Tourist.*

Scarce had that notion traversed through my brain,
When from the hill descending, lo! a train
Of nine young ladies, handsome, blithe and gay,
Came tripping lightly down to where I lay.
"Ah!" said I, as I saw them drawing near,
"Would that some of our bachelors were here—
Jackson, the Douglasses, Keith, Dick Mackenzie,
'Tis ten to one but he might take a fancy
For some of these fair dames, and so would fix
The champagne score for eighteen forty-six.
Ah! Simson, Simson, had'st thou but been there,
To mark these forms divine, surpassing fair,
Thou had'st relaxed thy presidential brow;[1]
Then with delight, as with the claret now,
Forsworn celibacy, and straightly shown
A champagne-giving tendency, like Brown."
But to our tale.—The foremost of the band,
With graceful mien, waved on me with her hand,
And beckoned my approach. I rose, and low
Obeisant, humbly made to her a bow:
"Madam," I said, "excuse me; be so good
As tell me; like Paul Pry, do I intrude?"
"Intrude!" she said, "Why talk in such a strain;
You know, dear Sir, you 're on your own domain."
"My own domain! Why, madam, you mistake, or
Else you make game of me; for not an acre
In all broad Scotland do I call my own."
"Acres and Scotland!" said she, with a frown;

[1] *Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.*—At a meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons, held on Wednesday the 16th instant, the following office-bearers for the ensuing year were chosen:—James Simson, M.D., President, &c.

"Why, my dear doctor, you 're not such an ass, as
Not to know that you 're now upon Parnassus."
"Parnassus!" I exclaimed, "this height confuses
My brain. Do I behold the Muses?"
"The same," she said; "my sisters these, and I a
Lover of lyrics am, my name 's Thalia.
You 're just in time to join a little *fête
Champêtre*, and I promise you a treat;
So if to Helicon my steps you 'll follow,
I 'll introduce you to our friend Apollo."
"But, madam, ere I go, pray be so good
As introduce me to the sisterhood,
And tell me, which is that, (it 's rather shocking,)
Who shows so much of leg without a stocking?"
"Oh! that 's Terpsichore, she's gone quite crazy
About a thing called Polka. She 'll amaze you;
There's but one thought within her head she carries,
To make the *kick* the way they do in Paris.
She 'as not as much sense left as would an egg fill,
And talks of nothing else but Madame D'Egville."[1]

My fair conductress led me to a glen,
Remote from the approach of mortal men,
Where, on a grassy knoll, beside a fountain,
Whose waters sparkling gambolled down the mountain;
Surrounded by his retinue of state,
Apollo, mighty god of fiddlers, sate.
I found him a good-looking, pleasant fellow,
In his left hand he held a violoncello,

[1] D'Egville, Madame, teacher of dancing, 50, Frederick Street.—*Edinburgh Directory.*

His right the fiddlestick ; he had, d' ye see,
Been practising Beethoven's No. Three ;
And by his side there lay the silver bow
Which Homer talks so much about, you know.[1]
He welcomed me with that good-natured mien
Which men of rank assume, when they can deign
To condescend a little : then he spoke
Of things in general, and cracked a joke
Or two with the young ladies ; then turned to me,
Asked how we got on at N. T. D.,
If we had filled our numbers up again,
And who this year was giving the champagne.
I told him Bennett. "Bennett ! now you quote him,
The fellow who sings *Largo al factotum ?*
I know him well ; he 's made a great sensation
Here, with his treatise upon inflammation.
We take it, that it 's meant to be a quiz
Upon our jolly old friend Bacchus' phiz,
Who now exhibits, as you may suppose,
The 'exudation globule' on his nose."[2]
He then talked politics, and seemed to feel
His way with me, and asked what Peel
Was doing. "Why," I said, "just now,
In Scotland Peel has made a precious row.

[1] Ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων.—*Iliados*, B. 766.
Τοὺς μὲν Ἀπόλλων πέφνεν ἀπ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.—*Iliados*, Ω. 605.

[2] The mode in which the exudation is thrown out affects in some degree its appearance.—*Dr. Hughes Bennett on the Development of Exudation, Edin. Monthly Journal, February* 1847, p. 586.

We have called these bodies *plastic* corpuscles from the frequency of their occurrence in Plastic Lymph. By Valentin and others they have been named *exudation* corpuscles.—*Bennett, Op. cit.*, p. 587.

He wants to take away their one-pound notes—[1]
A scheme that rather disconcerts the Scots;
But to my notion, 'tis a plan will do
Well for us doctors, for this is my view:
That if to smash the *one* pounds he contrives,
The doctors clearly must be paid with *fives*.
Peel's other money measure is, however,
A deal more funny, and by far more clever.
I mean the new half-farthings;[2] you must know that
He has them coined by pecks imperial, so that
Homœopathic patients, if they please,
May use the '*third dilution*' for their fees."[3]
Thus we chit-chatted pleasantly together,
Discussed the money-market, crops, the weather;
Then spoke of archery. I begged he 'd show,
If he did not object, his silver bow.

[1] He would not either in Scotland or Ireland abolish the power of issuing notes under £5 in amount. He would not run the risk of encountering the opposition which such a proposal would excite, though he did not know that the use of the small notes could be justified by argument. He would not guarantee the continuance of those notes, implying no intention any way as to the future.—*Speech of Sir Robert Peel on Irish and Scotch Banking, April* 25, 1845.

[2] An immense coinage of half-farthings has lately been issued from the Mint.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

[3] What dilution should be administered is a question still, in a measure, *sub judice*, and which has given rise to many an unseemly discussion, the acrimony of which would lead us to suppose that it was a vital point in Homœopathy.—*Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Homœopathy by* FRANCIS BLACK, M.D., *Lond.* 1847, p. 145.

Docteur, voilà quatre mois passés que je consomme vos petites graines, véritables graines de niais. Merci! Gardez-les pour d'autres. Mais vous méritez d'etre homœopathiquement honoré. Ci-incluse la dilution la plus extrême de notre système monétaire. Le billet renfermait un centime.—Anecdote in *Bulletin de Thérapeutique, Décembre* 1849.

He took it up, and as the thing he dandled,
"A pretty tool," he said, "when rightly handled."
"Why," said I, "after all, I don't quite know
If metal 's just the thing to make a bow;
And for your silver one, you think the true one,
Why, Peter Muir[1] could beat it with a yew one."
That did not please him, I saw well enough;
He hummed and hawed, and looked confounded gruff;
So from unpleasant things the talk to lead,
I spoke of music and of General Reid.
"Ah!" said he, with a look—a rather fierce one,
"What do they say of that Professor P——n?"
"Why," said I, "that 's a 'rum 'un' that you sent us;
We simply say of him, *non est inventus*."

'Twere vain to tell what glees and songs were sung,
How with our shouts of mirth Parnassus rung.
But betwixt mortal man, heathen divinity,
And other animals, there 's this affinity,
That when they 're tired, it 's needful, to enable 'em
To keep the steam up, that they have some pabulum:
So thought Apollo, for he felt the fag,
Vowed he was empty in the "carpet bag,"
And ordered lunch. 'Twas done as soon as said,
An ample store upon the turf was spread
Of choicest eatables; but, only think,
Not the least vestige of a thing to drink!
Apollo saw I thought that rather queer,
And said, in explanation, "Why, up here,

[1] Muir, Peter, bowmaker to the Royal Company of Archers.—*Edinburgh Almanac.*

Our law to us no other drink allows
Save what by nature from the fountain flows."
"Oh!" said I to myself, "What! can the fools
Have put themselves 'neath Father Mathew's rules?
Can they have taken the tee-total pledge?
The thought's enough to set one's teeth on edge.
Deluge with water a poor fellow's tripes,
Nor even offer him a glass of swipes!
I only wish that this confounded frolic
May n't end in diarrhœa or the cholic."[1]
"What, ho!" Apollo cried, "with quickness bring
A foaming goblet from our crystal spring.
Here, doctor," said he, giving me a wink,
"That chicken 's dry, you 'd better have a drink."
"Thank you," said I, giving my mouth a screw,
"Folks must at Rome do as the Romans do."
I took the goblet, raised it to my lip,
Intending but to take a little sip;
But when I put it down, (you 'll soon see why,)
The cup, so full before, was void and dry.
"Ah!" said I, as I set the vessel down,
"That beats the water that we have in town.
The spring of Crawley, and these deep Artesians
That made such a hubbub with the Parisians,
There 's none of them such stuff as that give out.
Here, there 's an end of wonder and of doubt
Why Helicon was sought for inspiration
By poets, to excite the imagination.

[1] In some constitutions a draught of cold water, beer, milk, &c., immediately affects the bowels, especially if the individual be heated at the time. —*Article Diarrhœa, by Drs. Crampton and Forbes, Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, vol. i., p. 556.

This is no paltry streamlet, fed with rain,—
Your Heliconian fountain is CHAMPAGNE."[1]
"Why, to be sure, you fool; you never thought
That we drank water here to quench our drought?
Protoxide of your hydrogen, H O,
As Gregory would call it![2] that won't do.
Go, doctor, go to Secretary Campbell,
Tell him that up this way you chanced to ramble,
Saw old Apollo, and he bid you show,
Without champagne, the bardship is no go.
Tell that this one thing he must see carried,
Before next year some other man gets married:
Bid him convene the Medicos, and shew 'em,
If you get no champagne, they get no poem."[3]
"Well," I replied, "I think your godship's right;
I see the thing now in another light,
And if your butler it don't too much bother—
The chicken 's dry again—I 'll take another."
But ere a second draught I could obtain,
Presto, behold, the scene was changed again;
Apollo, muses, Heliconian mountain,
Chicken, ham sandwiches, the champagne fountain,

[1] HELICON, now Zagaro-Vouni, a mountain of Bœotia on the borders of Phocis. It was sacred to the Muses, who had there a temple. The fountain Hippocrene flowed from this mountain.—*Lemprière, Classical Dictionary.*

[2] Two symbols joined by the sign +, or simply placed together, signify a compound of 1 atom of each element. Thus, H + O, or simply H O, means water, a compound of 1 atom hydrogen and 1 atom oxygen.—*Gregory's Outlines of Chemistry*, 2d edit., p. 26.

[3] "Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus."
HOR. *Ep.* I. xix. 2.

All in a moment from my vision sunk.
I started and exclaimed—"Can I be drunk?
Or was I dreaming? Why, as I declare,
I've fallen asleep here in my easy chair!
What's this I've written? Why, as I'm alive,
'N. T. D. ode for eighteen forty-five.'
What, just the title!—not another line!
To-morrow, too, the day on which we dine.
What's to be done? Alas! my reputation
Is gone now, like Othello's occupation.
What can have caused this mischief? It's the plaguy
Narcotic action of last quarter's Craigie.
What's to be done? There's nothing for it now
But the plain statement simply to avow."
'Twas Craigie's fault, Sir, thus to make me sleep,
And all my senses in oblivion steep.
Thus you perceive why I could not contrive
To have an ode for eighteen forty-five.

Competition for the Bardship.

AIR—"To all you ladies now on land."

'Twas in the year of forty-six,
On a February day,
That our worthy Sec. the time did fix
For us to wet our clay, brave boys.
CHORUS—*With a fal lal, &c.*

Balfour, it was our chairman's name,
And Campbell was our vice;
And to Douglas's at six we came,
Where Makellar's[1] wine was in ice, brave boys.
With a fal lal, &c.

The waiter there, with anxious eye,
By the sideboard took his stand;
Champagne, champagne, champagne, was the cry,
Come along, look sharp, bear a hand, my boy.
With a fal lal, &c.

Like railway schemes, the bubbles rose,
Like railway schemes, they burst;
Yet on the allocation goes,
Though shares *went down* from the first, brave boys.
With a fal lal, &c.

[1] Dr. Makellar died in April 1848 of typhus, caught in the discharge of his duties as extraordinary physician to the Royal Infirmary.—*Vide Monthly Journal, May* 1848.

And not a share could brokers get
  To purchase in the city,
For all were taken by this great
  Provisional Committee.
      With a fal lal, &c.

And if you ask why they went on
  To take shares with such will,
'Twas Makellar, they knew every one,
  Was sure to get a bill, brave boys.
      With a fal lal, &c.

The champagne done, the cheese discussed,
  The claret on the board,
These fellows vowed their Laureate must
  To them a song afford, brave boys.
      With a fal lal, &c.

And on the bard at once to call
  Each fellow there quite fair thinks,
So they shouted to Maclagan all,
  To try the powers of his larynx.
      With a fal lal, &c.

THE LAUREATE'S SONG.

AIR—"O, Willy, come sell your fiddle."

It 's really too bad, I declare,
  Every year to demand a new song,
Once or twice in a lifetime were fair,
  But once yearly, is surely quite wrong.

But if you insist on a carol,
As your bard, I am bound to obey;
For since you have crowned me with *laurel*,
It 's clear that you have me at *bay*.

Like other good singers, I 've got
A very bad cold, as you see;
In my voice there is scarce left a note,
And I 've lost my fine brilliant high G.
So unless that the goddess *Hygeia*,
Who doctors with Morrison's pill,[1]
Can help me, I 've got an idea
I 'll sing to you monstrously ill.

And, talking of Morrison's drug,
It 's now fallen quite below Parr,[2]
A box of whose pills keeps you snug
Till a century older you are.
But it seems we 've all had enough
Of that trash, which makes both you and me sick,
So we 'll quit all such perilous stuff,
And follow John Forbes and Young Physic.[3]

[1] British College of Health. Morrison the hygeist's Universal Medicines; *vide* handbills, circulars, newspaper puffs, testimonials of wonderful cures, and trials for culpable homicide, "by administering a certain irritant substance, called gamboge."—*Newspapers, passim.*

[2] The balsamic and invigorating powers of this fine herbal medicine are wonderful; a trial of a single dose will carry conviction that they are all that is necessary to invigorate the feeble, restore the invalid to health, and do good in all cases. The heads of families should always have them in the house, as they may with the greatest confidence be resorted to at any time, or in any case. PARR'S LIFE PILLS are now, from their many virtues, the established family medicine.—*Vide advertisements, newspapers, passim.*

[3] And such, in truth, do we believe to be literally the condition of

Old songs by the dozen I 'd sing,
  But then you 're so nice, you won't take one ;
And my muse, who 's a coy little thing,
  Has refused to assist me to make one :
For she says that in these stirring times
  The Doctors are not worth a fig,
So she 's gone to write Corn-Law Rhymes[1]
  For Cobden, and Bright, and the League.

Thus quite at a loss for a theme,
  I made a fresh peregrination
To try if at Helicon's stream
  I could gather some new inspiration.
But when I got up to the ground,
  (I made my way this time alone,)
Not a trace of the stream could be found—
  For the hill was as dry as a bone.

physic at this moment. Things have arrived at such a pitch that they cannot be worse. They must mend or end. We believe they will mend. The springs of life are yet untouched ; the constitution retains its rallying power ; the *vis medicatrix* is in action; and we flatter ourselves that there is yet enough of young blood, and energy, and wisdom in our ranks to redeem the past, and to achieve that glorious REGENERATION which has long been announced by infallible signs and portents in these latter days. Old as we are, we yet hope to see raised the standard of "YOUNG PHYSIC," though we cannot expect to see it furled after the destined victory is won.

COGITANDA, EXCOGITANDA, AGENDA.

Inter alia—To make every effort not merely to destroy the prevalent system of giving a vast quantity of unnecessary and useless drugs, (to say the least of them,) but to encourage extreme simplicity in the prescription of medicines that seem to be requisite.—*Article on Homœopathy, Allopathy, and "Young Physic," Forbes' British and Foreign Medical Review, January,* 1846, pp. 261 and 263.

[1] Corn Law Rhymes, by Ebenezer Elliot.

The reason of this I found out;
A fellow there told me the cause;
He said it was all brought about
By Peel's scheme for his new Corn-Laws:
For Apollo had taken his offer
Of a loan on an Exchequer bill;
And by way of refilling his coffer,
Had tile-drained the whole of the hill.[1]

Says I to him, "Friend, you must be
In a very queer fix, I should think,
For last year old Apollo told me
That it was the whole of your drink."
"Oh," says he, "you inquisitive dog,
We've a plan that's as cheap and more handy;
We've all taken to two-water grog,
Since the duty's reduced upon brandy."[2]

Thus for want of a subject for rhyme,
I've been stopped in my song-writing work;

[1] An Act to authorize the Advance of Money to a limited amount, to promote the Improvement of Land in *Great Britain* and *Ireland* by Works of Drainage, 9 & 10 Vict.

[2] "Upon the article of foreign spirits, the duty on which was proposed to be reduced from 22s. 6d. to 15s. per gallon, a stand was made by the opposition.

"Mr. W. Thompson opposed the reduction on the ground of revenue.

"Mr. Ewart thought the reduction would lead to an extension of our trade in France.

"The Marquis of Granby spoke of the demoralizing effects of cheap spirits.

"Mr. Cardwell supported the clause. A division took place, and the resolution was carried by 64 to 35."—*Debates in Committee on Customs' Bill*, 1846.

O, had n't we subjects sublime
In the days of that great fellow Burke?[1]
But now the Anatomy Bill
Gives us subjects both many and good;
So, with your permission, I will
Now ask for a subject from Wood.

They called on Wood, he gave a hem,
His throttle well to clear;
So here 's the stave that he sung them—
If you 'll listen you shall hear, brave boys.
With a fal lal, &c.

THE INSPECTOR OF ANATOMY'S SONG.

AIR—"The Cork Leg."

"I 'll tell you a story without any flam,
In Holland there lived Mynheer van Clam," &c.

I 'LL sing you a song without any jokes;
In Scotland there lived one Dr. Kn–x,
Who daily said—"I am, O la!
The greatest anatomist since Bichat."
Ri too rol loo, rol loo, rol-oo, &c.

[1] Which Burke? Burke on the Sublime, or Burke and Hare?—*Typographi Diabolus.*

In Glasgow, the Doctor laid down the rule
Anatomical, in the Portland School ;[1]
And in Edinbro', too, his voice was heard—
Two places at once, like the Irishman's bird.[2]
Ri too, &c.

Says Wood to Kn–x—" I should like to know
To which of these Schools you intend to go ;
You can't be in both, for to tell you the fact,
Ubiquity is n't allowed by the Act."[3]
Ri too, &c.

Says Kn–x, in reply to Wood—" If I do
Both lecture here and in Glasgow too,
It 's only because it 's prudent, you know,
That a man should have two strings to his bow.
Ri too, &c.

[1] *Vide* the simultaneous advertisements of the schools in Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, and Portland Street, Glasgow.

[2] *Counsellor*—Come, now, tell us, were you present at that fight?

Witness—Me pris'nt ! Tear an' ages, an' how could I be at the fight, when I was at Clognakilty market selling my pig ? barrin' I was a bird, and cu'd be in two places at once.—*Paddy proving an alibi.*

[3] And be it enacted, that it shall not be lawful for any party to carry on or teach Anatomy at any place, or at any place to receive or possess for anatomical examination, or examine anatomically any deceased person's body after removal of the same, unless such party, or the owner or occupier of such place, or some party by this Act authorized to examine bodies anatomically, shall, at least one week before the first receipt or possession of a body for such purpose at such place, have given notice to the said Secretary of State or chief Secretary, as the case may be, of the place where it is intended to practise Anatomy.—*Anatomy Act*, sect. xii.

"But now your law on me you bring,
Not only to make me cut one string,
But you seem inclined, at the double quick,
To make me also cut my stick.
Ri too, &c.

"Now, either chance to lose I 'm loath:
In these railway times I can manage both;
So why you should stop me I cannot conjecture;
I suspect you 're humbugging me, Mr. Inspector."
Ri too, &c.

"It is 'nt my fault," says Wood, "because
It was not I that made the laws;
At me you need n't get into a fume—
You may lay the blame upon Joseph Hume."
Ri too, &c.

Says Kn–x—"When first I took the field,
I found this place good sport to yield;
But this country no more I must hunt, I find,
So I 'll leave my stud of one Hunter behind."[1]
Ri too, &c.

Now I 've told my tale, both full and free,
Of the rummest anatomist that could be,
Who, though he lectured, got never a fee—
For his lecture was all in his e-y-e.
Ri too, &c.

[1] School of Anatomy, Nicolson Street, Dr. Alexander Hunter, successor to Dr. Knox.—*Vide handbills.*

They shouted that Maclagan should
Resign his laurel crown;
For he was fairly beat by Wood,
As he would surely own, brave boys
So that his laurels he might save,
Maelagan thus began again;
And he gave them next this other stave,
To the tune of Molly Flannigan.

THE LAUREATE'S SECOND SONG.

AIR—"Ma'am, dear, did ye niver hear of purty Molly Flannigan."

COMMUNICATED BY A YOUNG LADY IN GLASGOW.

OH! dear, did you never hear of John Balfour the botanist?
From Glasgow he has flown, and in Auld Reekie he has got a nest;[1]
To hit his heart with Cupid's dart I tried a quiet shot, and missed;
But Balfour he has left me all alone for to die.

I own, although I am not bound to make you my confessor here,
It was so nice, indeed, to have a bachelor Professor here;
We 'll get some stupid married man, you 'll see, as his successor here,
Since Balfour 's gone and left us all alone for to die.

[1] After a few words from Treasurer Thomson, Messrs. Cruickshank, Stott, and Russell, the Council divided, when 23 voted for Dr. Balfour, and 10 for Dr. Hooker.

Dr. Balfour was accordingly declared duly elected.—*Scotsman, October* 8, 1845.

O, don't I remember how we crowded to his popular,
As thick as poppy seeds within their capsule unilocular;
You need n't laugh, I don't intend at all now to be jocular,
Since he has gone and left us all alone for to die.

O, don't I remember how he called Mr. Murray, dear,
And bade him with heart's-eases to the ladies quick to hurry, dear,
Which warmed my heart as much as would a pinch of Norfolk curry, dear,[1]
But now he 's gone and left us all alone for to die.

O, I wish that I could follow him, and go to study medicine,
Perhaps 't would ease the whirligig that my poor heart and head is in;
But that is a profession where they never let us ladies in,
So here I 'm left in sadness all alone now to die.

O, what a very sad affair for us poor damsels this is now;
O, how these Edinburgh girls will laugh at us and quiz us now;
He 'll fall in love with some of them, and never more will miss us now,
Since he has gone and left us all alone for to die.

[1] In consequence of the badness of the potatoes, they should pay more attention to the labourer this year than ordinarily. There was one thing suggested by a lady in a letter the other day, a thing which certainly was very warm and comfortable to the stomachs of the people, if they could get it cheap. . . . They had not been accustomed to it, and might not like it. He liked it, however, himself. In India, it was to the people what potatoes were in Ireland. He meant CURRY POWDER.—*Speech of the Duke of Norfolk, at a meeting in Sussex, 8th December*, 1845.

They voted that Maclagan might
His laurels still retain,
Although the song they 'd had that night
Was but a doleful strain, brave boys.
So, to make up for loss of time,
They shoved the wine along;
And that at least they said was prime,
And better than the song, brave boys.
With a fal lal, &c.

Now, strange to tell, soon after this
I saw a sight more rare—
Two Campbells acting as the Vice,
Two Balfours in the Chair, brave boys.
And the latest thing that I can sure
Remember of that day,
Was the waiter shouting to Balfour—
"Your shutter stops the way," brave boy.
With a fal lal, &c.

The Ether Song.

AIR—" Yankee Doodle."

A YANKEE notion 's come to town—
A raything knowin' go, Sir—
That flails the whole of Britain down,
As you shall quickly know, Sir.
This dodge, so clever and so new,
We 've got from Doctor Morton,[1]
Who, if he only had his due,
Would surely make his fortune.

CHORUS—*But if you'll keep your minds at ease,*
You'll soon hear more about it;
But first let's liquor, if you please,
For singin' 's dry without it.

Reform it made a monstrous talk,
Free trade in corn and beans, now ;
But this thing, by a mighty chalk,
Beats both to smithereens, now.

[1] *Vide* Littel's Living Age, No. 201, 18th March, 1848.

Dr. Morton of that city [Boston,] the gentleman to whom, I believe, the profession and mankind are really and truly indebted for first reducing into practice the production of insensibility by ether inhalation, with the object of annihilating pain in surgical operation.—*Dr. Simpson on Etherization in Surgery, Edin. Monthly Journal, Sept.* 1847.

O, mesmerism 's not the thing,
Nor railway traffic neither,
Nor sherry cobbler, nor gin sling,
But just Sulphuric Ether.
So if you'll keep, &c.

That wonderments will never cease
In physic, is most sure, Sir;
"The vapours" once were a disease,[1]
But now they are a cure, Sir.
So if aches and pains should torture you,
On Ether spend your money;
You may be drawn and quartered too,
And only think it funny.
But if you'll keep, &c.

Folks used to think a surgeon's knife
Was dreadful beyond measure;
But now they know, as sure as life,
An operation 's pleasure.
And those that at the histories
Of surgery would cry, Sir,
Now coolly talk of bistouries
As something "slick and spry," Sir.
But if you'll keep, &c.

Intoxication 's a disgrace,
Teetotalism growls, Sir;
But ladies, with unblushing face,
Get now as drunk as owls, Sir.

[1] Hysterics, Vapours. *Hysteria* Sauvages; Cullen. *Affectiones Spasmodicæ Vagæ; Spasmi Vagi*, Jos. Frank. *Passio Hysterica, Isterismo*, Mal de la Mere, La Mere.—*Craigie's Practice of Physic*, vol. ii., p. 1182.

A small thing makes the odds betwixt
  What 's right and what 's a sin, Sir;
With just one atom water mixed,
  The Ether becomes gin, Sir.[1]
    But if you 'll keep your minds at ease,
      And now compose your faces,
    I 'll prove my statements, if you please,
      By some authentic cases.

Don't tell the Managers, I pray,
  What I may now tell you, Sir;
Their worships in their wisdom may
  With me make an ado, Sir.
No clerk to keep my notes have I,
  Nor case-book in my pocket;
Yet every word is verity,
  Although it wants the docquet.[2]
    But if you 'll keep, &c.

Case first.—A lady, aged eighteen,
  Both nervous-like and funky,

[1] These chemists (Fourcroy and Vauquelin) were of opinion that the only difference between alcohol and ether is, that the former contains twice as much water as the latter.—*Thomson's System of Chemistry*, 7th edit., vol. ii., p. 308.

Alcohol, in its pure state, may be regarded as a compound of ether and water. This will be apparent on attending to its elementary composition, which is 4 equivalents of carbon, 6 of hydrogen, and 2 of oxygen, and is represented by the formula $C^4 H^6 O^2 = C^4 H^5 O + H O$, the formula for 1 ether + 1 water.—*Christison's Dispensatory*, 2d edit., p. 63.

[2] *Vide* Correspondence of Professor Syme with the Hon. the Managers of the Infirmary.

Came to the dentist to the Queen,[1]
A-grinnin' like a monkey.
Quoth she—" I 'm in a dreadful fix,
I 've got a tooth that 's raging ;
And ever since last night at six,
The pain there 's no assuaging."
But if you 'll keep, &c.

Says he—" O, that you need n't mind ;
We 've got a new invention,
Which, if you'll try it, you will find
To pain is a prevention."
He gave the Ether ; fast asleep
At once she was at ease, Sir ;
The tooth was in the bason deep
Before you could say pease, Sir.
But if you 'll keep, &c.

She woke and said—" Now do begin,
I 'll keep my head quite steady ;"
Says he, a-wipin' of her chin,
" Your tooth is out already !"
At first she thought the dentist joked,
And then she thought he whacked, Sir ;
Till in her cheek her tongue she poked,
And found it was a fact, Sir.
But if you 'll keep, &c.

[1] Nasmyth, Robert, F.R.C.S., surgeon-dentist to the Queen, 78, George Street.—*Edinburgh Directory.*

Case second.—An unhealthy lad
  To Duncan's ward came in, Sir,
And showed to him a shocking bad
  Disease upon his shin, Sir.
Says Duncan, twirling round his probe—
  "I fear that this won't cobble;
'Twill never make a decent job,
  And all your life you 'll hobble."
But if you 'll keep, &c.

"To-morrow," to his clerk says he,
  "We 'll call a consultation;
My colleagues will at once agree,
  I 'm sure, on amputation."
He gave the Ether; off the leg
  Was snipped, before their noses;
Chap woke, and found a wooden peg
  Where there had been necrosis.
But if you 'll keep, &c.

Syme takes off legs just at the knee,[1]
  And Miller just below it;
So quickly and from pain so free,
  The patients never know it.
Like that new Water Company,
  The Caledonian land on,
They 'll waken up some day, you 'll see,
  Without a leg to stand on.[2]
But if you 'll keep, &c.

[1] On amputation at the knee, by James Syme, Esq.—*Edin. Monthly Journal, May*, 1845.

[2] *Edinburgh and Leith New Water Works Bill.*—It is our painful task to announce to our readers the loss of this Bill in the Committee of the House of Commons on the merits, &c. &c.—*Caledonian Mercury, 29th June*, 1846.

But Simpson he beats all these chaps ;
 This wondrous little man, Sir,
You may not yet have heard, perhaps,
 Of his new-fashioned plan, Sir :
Why, backed by Ether, now he finds
 The ladies' tribulation—
That used with dread to fill their minds—
 Is just a *re-creation*.[1]
 But if you 'll keep, &c.

Now, Ether 's all right in its way,
 But then there 's no concealing
It operates, as all men say,
 By deadening the feeling.
Now, always with us merry men
 Our feeling 's good and right, Sir ;
So we 'll drop the Ether, boys ! and then
 We 'll stick to claret bright, Sir.

And since your minds are now at ease,
 You 'll hear no more about it ;
So pass the bottle, if you please,
 For singin' 's dry without it.

[1] The second patient, a lady of a timid temperament, and very apprehensive about the result of her present confinement, was induced with difficulty to inhale the ether vapour ; but it speedily affected her when once she did begin. In two or three minutes she pushed the apparatus from her mouth, talked excitedly to a female relative present, but was immediately induced to recommence the inhalation; and subsequently, according to her own statement, "wakened out of a dream," and unexpectedly found her child born.—*Professor Simpson on the Inhalation of Ether in the Practice of Midwifery, Edinburgh Monthly Journal, March,* 1847.

Celsus.

"I'm more an ancient Roman than a Dane.
* * * * *
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon."—*Hamlet.*

'Twas night, and briskly blazed the parlour fire;
I had achieved my drudgery diurnal,
Put off my boots, foul with the evening's mire,
And sate me down to read the Monthly Journal.
I was in lazy mood, and inward vowed,
If, after such a day of heavy toil,
To any trifling case I were called out,
I'd "flipe"[1] the patient, Sir, with croton oil.
I opened Simpson's paper, where he proves
(Simpson has always something new to greet us)
Why man, who with his head erected moves,
Goes bottom upwards when he is a fœtus.[2]
A dozen lines I scarcely had got o'er,
With due reflection on that reflex matter,
When a tremendous ring at the front door
Startled me from my reading with its clatter.
"Ah! botheration," said I, in a fume,
"Some fellow flatulent from Christmas feast;
Sick with mince pies and claret, I presume;
I've vowed it, and I'll crotonize the beast!"

[1] FLIPE, FLYPE. *v. a.*, to pull off any thing, as a stocking, by *turning it inside out.—Jameson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language.*

[2] The Attitude and Positions, natural and præternatural, of the Fœtus in Utero, Acts of the Reflex or Excitomotory System. By J. Y. Simpson, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c.—*Edinburgh Monthly Journal, January,* 1849.

Straightway my servant, with mysterious face,
And an expression bordering on a grin
Or a half-smothered snigger, entering, says—
" A person asking, Sir, if you 're within."
That word, " a person," is a thing I hate;
The announcement of a gentleman or lady
Is quite another thing. As sure as fate,
A " person" 's something coming to invade you.
A " person" calls for water-rates and taxes;
A " person" brings you in his " little bill;"
A " person" comes with steel pens and cheap waxes,
And pesters you to buy against your will;
A " person" calls for poor-rates—(Botheration!
These poor-rates half our incomes up will swallow soon;)
A " person" comes with begging supplication,
All duly countersigned by Dr. Alison;—
In short, a " person" is a bore, a nuisance,
And not by that Removal Act amended,
Which so appropriately, a month or two since,
The *Privy* Council have to us extended.[1]

No wonder that I asked, in angry tone,
" What sort of person wants me now to-night?"

[1] Whereas it is expedient that the Nuisances Removal and Diseases Prevention Act, 1848, should be amended, and that the powers of the General Board of Health should be extended; be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that this Act shall be deemed part of the Nuisances Removal and Diseases Prevention Act, 1848, and shall be construed accordingly.—AN ACT TO AMEND THE NUISANCES REMOVAL AND DISEASES PREVENTION ACT, 1848. [1st August 1849.]—*Journal of Public Health, September*, 1849.

" Why," said my servant, " he 's the queerest one
  Of all the queer ones ever met my sight ;
He 's wrapped up in a blanket." " What !" I cried ;
  " He 's wrapped up in a blanket, did you say ?
Some lunatic escaped from Morningside ;
  It must be culpable neglect in Skae."[1]
No little puzzled what on earth to do,
  I went out to the door myself to see ;
And then the moment that I came in view,
  A burst of Latin he let loose on me.
" Right as a trivet, in my diagnosis !
  Mad as a hare in March !" at once I said ;
A case for croton oil in whacking doses,
  A blister to the nucha—shave the head.
But first to soothe him gently, I exclaimed—
  " Know you no English, must you Latin speak ?"—
Not that I of my Latin was ashamed,
  But then I feared that he might take to Greek ;
For if he had, I frankly must acknowledge
  He 'd there have had the better of me far ;
The whole of Carson's Greek I left at college,
  Snug in the custody of old Dunbar.—
" O yes !" he answered me, in tone polite,
  " English or Latin 's all the same to me ;
Only I thought the classical was right
  When I addressed myself to an M.D."
" Pooh, pooh !" said I, " that notion 's too romantic,
  The College of Physicians here itself

[1] Royal Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum, Morningside, resident physician, David Skae, M.D.—*Edinburgh Almanac.*

Has voted Latin pharmacy pedantic,
And put that language quite upon the shelf."[1]

But I forget :—I never yet have told
What like my friend was with the Latin tongue.
He was a man some sixty summers old,[2]
And active looking yet, although not young:
His robe, in ample folds around him thrown,
Which my domestic for a blanket took,
I at a glance saw was the Roman gown,
As *toga* writ in Dr. Adam's book.[3]

[1] That we have departed from all previous practice of Colleges in this country by publishing our Pharmacopœia in the English language, is an alteration which, as it has been sanctioned by the almost unanimous consent of the College, will also, we apprehend, meet with the general approbation of the medical public. The time is perhaps gone by when public opinion required, as a test of learning, that a College of Medicine should write in Latin alone; and it may even be questioned whether the practice be not open to censure as leading to risks of inaccuracy in preparing and compounding drugs.—*Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh*, 1839, Preface, p. vi.

[2] Quo vero anno urbis Celsus natus mortuusve sit adeo parum inter auctores convenit ut ne seculum quidem quo floruerit idem omnibus videatur . . . . Sequitur hunc solum illud reliquum de medicina opus in primis ipsis Cæsaris annis contexuisse . . . . Paucis post Themisonem annis scripsit Celsus . . . . Per illud in Celsi præfatione, "Themison nuper ipse," intellige viginti annos intercedere; (atque vix nuper dixisset quidem auctor tam castigate locutus de spatio adeo longinquo;) et annum urbis 723 vel decimum primum principatus Augusti post Antonium oppressum Celso tribues . . . . His perpensis, Celsum ad 53 Augusti vel A.U. 760, ad annum vero Salutis nostrae septimum durasse patebit. Eo enim anno Ovidius Tomos exilio exactus est. Sed Celsus eo tempore, nondum Augustus mortuus est; nec ille annis fractus, ut qui de Ovidio apud Pontum inviscendo paulo ante locutus esset. Sequitur Celsum fato concessisse inter septimum et decimum nostrae æræ nedum senem.—*Eduardus Milligan Dissertatio de Celsi Vita, Edinburgi*, M.DCCC.XXVI.

[3] The TOGA was a loose, flowing, woollen robe which covered the whole body, round and close at the bottom, but open at the top down to the girdle,

I asked his name, begged to know what he wanted,
  Ringing my bell at that time of the night.
"My name, Sir," he replied, "I take for granted
  You know, although you know not me by sight:
My name is Celsus."[1] "Celsus!" I said, with joy;—
  "You fine old Roman doctor, is that you?
I 'm very glad to see you, my old boy:
  Aulus Cornelius Celsus! how d' ye do?
Step in, old chap—this wind blows rather hard
  For naked legs cast in Italian mould;
Why did you not at once send in your card,
  And not keep shivering here, man, in the cold?
Come in, you 'll be the better for a snack,
  After so long a journey as you 've come;
My wife will get some supper in a crack—
  A Finnan haddock, and a single 'tum.'"

Old Celsus ate his haddock, mixed two tumblers,
  And drank them like a man of common sense;
None of your useless, dull, teetotal grumblers,
  That think a glass of toddy an offence.
I 've only known one other heathen doctor—
  At least a *Pagan*, which is quite the same—
And he is just as skilful a concocter
  Of a good 'tum' as any man you 'll name.

without sleeves, so that the right arm was at liberty, and the left supported a part (*lacinia*, a flap or lappet) of the toga, which was drawn up and thrown back over the left shoulder.—*Adam's Roman Antiquities*, Dr. Boyd's edition, 1849.

[1] Aulus Cornelius Celsus, scriptorum medicorum quos vetustate longa seculorum barbaries reliquit, tam prudentia quam diligentia princeps, Latinitate, arteque scribendi, non medicos tantum, sed omnes ad tempus suum de artibus auctores longe superat.—*Milligan, Op. cit.*, p. 7.

My Pagan friend, moreover, has this merit—
Whatever the teetotallers may think it—
To-day he gives us a good glass of claret,
And, like a gentleman, he helps to drink it.

So here the Roman and your poet sat,
And as we quietly consumed our toddy,
Enjoyed a quiet, confidential chat—
Refreshing mind whilst stimulating body.
"Celsus," said I, "where did you come from last?
Are you from the Elysian fields direct?
Or have you been on earth for some time past,
The modern state of Europe to inspect?"
"Why," he replied, "as soon as leave to come
Away from Pluto's realm was granted me,
I went, of course, immediately to Rome,
To see if things were as they used to be.
I found that Rome was quite another place
From what it was beneath Augustus' sway;
The Romans, too, were a degenerate race
From what they were in that great monarch's day:
They neither had an Emperor nor a King,
A Consul, Tribune, Quæstor, nor a Prætor;
But 'stead of these a would-be regal thing,
Called Pio Nono,—a poor, useless creature,
Who had run off because they made some riot,
And left his people to their own device;[1]

[1] At an hour previously agreed on, the Pope retired into a private room, for the purpose, apparently, of conferring with the gentleman I have just named, and there he disguised himself in the livery of the Bavarian Legation. In a few minutes the carriage of the minister was called, and the

In my day they 'd have all been soon made quiet
  By one of Cæsar's cohorts in a trice.
I was disgusted ; so from Rome I started,
  And bent my steps towards the Grecian shore,
Where learned sages in my day imparted
  To us young Romans their Athenian lore.
If it was bad in Rome, in Greece 'twas worse ;
  Too true it is that *tempora mutantur ;*
So I was forced again to change my course,
  And started off from Athens in a canter.
I now resolved to trust myself to chance—
  Where next I 'd go, I neither knew nor cared ;
So in a week I found myself in France,
  And straightway to its capital repaired.
If it was bad in Rome, and worse in Greece,
  In France 'twas badness in the last degree ;
They called confusion, anarchy, dispeace,
  Their Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité ![1]
With fury the Republicans were red,
  With fear the women had grown white all o'er ;
The sober folks looked blue, and so they said
  The nation furnished forth its tricolor.

Count de Spaur, followed by the Pope disguised as his servant, descended the grand staircase, and entered his carriage, the Pope mounting on the box alongside the coachman. The artifice succeeded, &c.—*Letter from Times' Correspondent ; Scotsman, Dec.* 8, 1848.

[1] The storm which for three months has been darkening and muttering over France has burst at last with desolating fury. At one blast, the whole fabric of the Revolution of February has been overthrown—its men deposed —its constitution superseded—its principles turned to horrible mockery. The champions of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," are massacring one another by thousands in the streets of Paris.—*Scotsman, June* 28, 1848.

Though I was used to breathe the Stygian air,
France was a mighty deal too hot for me;
So I resolved no more to linger there,
But started off, the Britons next to see:
I knew, when Julius Cæsar was in Gaul,
They used with petty wars sometimes to tease us;
At Rome we laughed at them, and used to call
Them *toto orbe penitus divisos*.[1]
I came to London; there I found, in short,
That you barbarian Britons had become
(Although my nationality it hurt)
The *rerum domini*, instead of Rome.[2]
That London is the greatest place on earth,
Believe me, my dear fellow, it is true;
London alone affords a proper berth
For a young man of talent, such as you."

"None of your gammon! That 's been tried already;
Go, tell your London notions now to Syme;
Ask his opinion, and, *experto crede*,
You 'll get the truth of London out of him.
You say that London 's great;—True, it has grown
So huge, that if you judge it by the mileage,
Compared with it, our quiet little town
Is not much better than a freestone village:
But if you mean in manners or in men,
In physic or in science, my dear fellow,
That London is superior to us—then
I differ from you, Celsus, *toto cœlo*.

[1] Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.—VIRGIL. *Eclog.* I. 67.
[2] Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.—VIRGIL. *Æn.* I. 67.

Look at their Schools of Physic ; when they need
A new Professor to instruct their youth.
Do they confide in those of Cockney breed ?
Come now, be honest, Celsus, own the truth.
Soon as a Chair is vacant, London 's down
Smack upon Edinburgh like a harpy,
Takes Edward Turner, William Fergusson,
Poor Robert Liston, honest William Sharpey.[1]
Then there 's their Hospitals : in point of size
I own at once that there they beat us quite ;—
St. George's, St. Bartholomew's, and Guy's,
Would put our small Infirmary out of sight.
But if you search the whole of London town,
Where is the Hospital so richly fee'd
That it has salmon-fishings of its own,
As we have got, my boy, upon the Tweed ?[2]
There 's an advantage ! Who would that forego,
Since now the Managers, in proper spirit,
Mean to assign them *in perpetuo*
To us, the Surgeons, as a mark of merit ?[3]

[1] Of the thirteen Professors of whom the Medical of the Faculty of the University of Edinburgh at present consists, seven were formerly teachers in the Edinburgh Extra Academical School, viz., Professors Syme, Simpson, Gregory, Henderson, Miller, Balfour, and Bennett; and, not to speak of times long passed, it may be mentioned that the late Mr. Liston, and Professors Sharpey and Fergusson, were transferred from it to University College and King's College, London, &c. &c.—*Dr. Alexander Wood's Rational Medicine, Edin.* 1849, p. 8, *footnote.*

[2] The Rev. James Goldie, by his disposition and settlement, dated 11th December 1847, conveyed his whole estate to certain trustees, with instructions, after providing for the payment of his debts, and certain legacies and annuities, to pay over the residue, when converted into money, (with the exception of a salmon fishery, which was not to be sold,) to the treasurer of the Royal Infirmary, for behoof of that institution, under burden of paying annually the sum of £5 to the Parish of Temple.—*Records of Managers of Royal Infirmary.*

[3] A delicate little hint, which, however, has not been taken.—*Typog. Diab.*

Then there 's their Journal.[1] If of his Review
John Forbes, in London writing, could no more make,[2]
How do you think this new affair will do
At Putney, edited, they say, by Cormack?
There Williams writes that Bennett has no merit
To prove that oil and eggs our tissues cause;[3]
I own that for myself I ne'er could bear it,
To think that human blood was salad sauce.[4]

[1] *London Journal of Medicine, Prospectus.*—The London Journal of Medicine is to appear in monthly numbers, constituting an annual volume of considerably above one thousand pages, &c. &c.—*January* 1, 1849.

[2] In the table given below, the actual sale of the Review is specified for each year from the commencement to the close of the work, together with the cost of production, and the total money-produce. From this table it will appear that the Review, regarded as a commercial speculation, was by no means a successful undertaking, as it left the proprietor very considerably a loser, even while making a present to the concern (as he has done in drawing up the table) not only of the interest of the money expended in the first instance, but of the whole of his editorial labour, and all his own literary contributions.—*Postscript to No. XLVIII. of the British and Foreign Medical Review by the editor and proprietor, Dr. Forbes.*

[3] *Vide* London Journal of Medicine, No. I., page 14, *footnote.*

[4] *How to make a Structure.*

If we place a drop of *oil* and another of *albumen*[1] on a slip of glass, and allow the one to flow over the other, a pellicle will be observed to have formed. This examined microscopically presents the appearance of a membrane sometimes puckered and thrown into elegant folds . . . . If now we unite the two globules by means of friction, we form an *emulsion.*[2]—*Dr. Bennett on the Structural Relation of Oil and Albumen, Edin. Monthly Journal, Sept.* 1847.

How to make Salad Sauce.

Put into a large bason the yolks only of two fine and very fresh *eggs*,[1] carefully freed from the germs, with a little salt and cayenne, stir them well together, then add about a teaspoonful of the *purest salad oil*, and work the mixture round with a wooden spoon until it appears like *cream.*[2]—*Modern Cookery by Eliza Acton*, p. 113.

[1] The albumen of the yolk is identical in its nature with that of the white.—*Pereira on Food and Diet*, p. 216.

[2] Cow's milk is an opaque white *emulsive* liquid.—*Ibid.*, p. 248.

But what of Williams' paper is the issue?
Without a microscope, it 's clearly seen
He only makes a heterogeneous tissue,
Mixing cod liver oil with human spleen.
What should I do in London? Be a 'pure?'
Or should I learn that mystic trick of fence
By which apothecaries can secure
For draughts worth twopence-halfpenny, eighteenpence?
Think what I'd lose if I should go away,
Though double fees should follow the transition,
I 'd only have more income-tax to pay,
And, after all, not better my condition.
What! lose my supper once a month with Brown?[1]
What! absent from my post of duty quarterly,
When Omond sends me intimation down,
To join the Æsculapian on Saturday?[2]
What! absent yearly, when with wine so good
At the Harveian I should wet my throttle,
And typify the circulating blood,
By proper circulation of the bottle?[3]

[1] The MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL CLUB meet in Douglas's Hotel on Thursday evening, at 9 o'clock. W. B.—*Monthly Billet*.

[2] THE ÆSCULAPIAN will meet in Barry's Hotel, Queen Street, on Saturday, the ___ day of ___.
Business at five o'clock. Dinner precisely at half-past five. Coffee and bill at half-past seven.—R. OMOND, *Sec.*—*Quarterly Billet*.

[3] HARVEIAN SOCIETY.—The sixty-seventh anniversary of this Society will be held in the British Hotel, 70, Queen Street, on Thursday, the 12th day of April next. DR. PAGAN, *Chairman*. DR. SMITH, *Croupier*.
The Society will meet at four o'clock, when the Harveian Discourse will be delivered by the President.
Dinner will be put upon the table *precisely* at five o'clock, and tea and coffee will be ready at eight, for the accommodation of those members whose

But above all, what would become of me
  If February came, and brought no day for
The merry meeting of the N. T. D.,
  The claret and champagne I never pay for?
Think how I 'd outward groan, and inward mutter,
  Grow snappish at my wife, and gruffly cry 'humph!'
To know that useless lay my private shutter,
  That should have served to bear me home in triumph.
Hark! though the Chairman twice has order called,
  How the whole table pours its jokes on Simson,
And tells him that he 's grown so old and bald,
  They can't expect to get champagne from him soon.
What makes Burn Murdoch, who 's a sober wight,
  His intercostals shake with such felicity?
'Tis that galvanic fellow, Thomas Wright,[1]
  Who 's making *shocking* puns by electricity.
Just look at Pagan—that alone 's enough
  To show what mirth we here have in possession—
He can't find time to take his pinch of snuff,
  Laugh follows laugh in such profuse succession.
What! all this happening and I away!
  Let the Sea-Serpent swallow London sooner,
And prove to satisfaction that M'Quhae[2]
  Was right when he described him as a 'stunner.'

professional engagements may require them to leave the company at an early hour, &c.

R. Omond, M.D., J. H. Bennett, M.D., } *Secretaries.*

—*Annual Billet.*

[1] On a Portable Electro-magnetic Machine by Dr. Thomas Wright.—*Edinburgh Monthly Journal, August.* 1845.

Description of, and mode of applying an Electro-magnetic Machine, by Dr. Thomas Wright.—*Ibid., April,* 1848.

[2] *Vide* Punch, *passim.*

No! Celsus, no! I 'll here contented sit;
To others I shall leave the London pother;
And not, like Æsop's dog, let go my bit,
Because I see the shadow of another."[1]

Celsus had now drunk out his second noggin—
I tried to get him to concoct an "eke;"
He said he positively must be jogging,
But promised to come back within a week.
Whether or no he 'll keep his word, we 'll see;
He 's a good fellow, so I hope he 'll come:
Meanwhile he 's gone to found an N. T. D.,
On Edinburgh principles, at Rome.

Let 's drink to his success; and when next year
We come to Douglas's, if he be near it,
We 'll write and ask him to his dinner here:
So, please to help yourself, and pass the claret.

[1] Et quem tenebat ore, dimisit cibum
Nec, quem petebat, adeo potuit adtingere.
PHAEDRI *Fab.* I., iv.

The Battle o' Glen Tilt.

Air—"Shirra' Muir."

"O cam' ye here to hear a lilt,
Or ha'e a crack wi' me, man;
Or was ye at the Glen o' Tilt,
An' did the shindy see, man?"
"I saw the shindy sair and teugh,
The flytin' there was loud and rough;
The Duke cam' o'er,
Wi' gillies four,
To mak' a stour
An' drive Balfour
Frae 'yont the Hielan' hills, man.

"The Sassenach chap they ca' Balfour,
Wi' ither five or sax, man,
Frae 'yont the braes o' Mar cam' o'er,
Wi' boxes on their backs, man.[1]

[1] On Saturday last, August 21, a party of naturalists, headed by a learned Professor, left Braemar, and proceeded by gigs to Croachlach, whence they walked through Glen Tilt by a horse road, which they had learned was the public road between Braemar and Blair Athole.—*Scotsman, 28th August*, 1847.

Some thocht he was a chapman chiel—
Some thocht they cam' the deer to steal ;[1]
But nae ane saw
Them, after a',
Do ocht ava'
Against the law,
Amang the Hielan' hills, man.[2]

" Some folk 'll tak' a heap o' fash
For unco little end, man ;
An' meikle time an' meikle cash
For nocht ava' they 'll spend, man.
Thae chaps had come a hunder' mile[3]
For what was hardly worth their while :
'Twas a' to poo
Some gerse[4] that grew
On Ben M'Dhu,
That ne'er a coo
Would care to pit her mouth till.[5]

[1] Their sketching tools may have looked to his eyes like elaborate air-guns, and their hammers like clumsy but effective machines for knocking down the " squeakers,"—in short, the whole troop probably appeared to the Highlandman as a bold body of Perthshire poachers.—*Daily News*, 3*d Sept.*, 1847.

[2] The Professor and his companions were bent only upon pushing their conquests into the flowery and vegetable kingdom—an innocent enough warfare one should think !—*Edin. Weekly Chronicle, Sept.* 18, 1847.

[3] A party, consisting of Messrs. Murchison, Gilby, Ivory, Hewetson, Morse, Douglas, H. Balfour, and myself, met at Aberdeen on the 6th of August 1847, with the view of making an extended botanical trip.—*Professor Balfour in Edin. New Philosophical Journal, July*, 1848, p. 123.

[4] GERS, GERSS, GYRS, *subst.*, grass.—*Jameson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language.*

[5] On the 13th August, the party proceeded to Ben Muich Dhui, and examined particularly the cliffs on the north-eastern side, where specimens

"The gerse was poo't, the boxes fill',
An' syne the hail clamjamphrie[1]
Would tak' the road by Glen o' Tilt,
Awa' to whar' they cam' frae.
The Duke at this put up his birse;
He vowed, in English and in Erse,[2]
That Saxon fit[3]
Su'd never get
A'e single bit
Throughout his yet,[4]
Amang the Hielan' hills, man.

"Balfour he had a mind as weel
As ony Duke could ha'e, man;
Quo' he, 'There 's ne'er a kilted chiel
Shall drive us back this day, man.

of *Arabis petræa*, *Veronica alpina* in fine flower, *Stellaria cerastoides*, *Hieracium alpinum*, in various forms, and *Carex vaginata*, were found. On the crumbling granite rocks near the summit, *Silene acaulis*, *Luzula spicata* and *arcuata*, abound.—*Balfour*, *Op. cit.*, p. 125.

Luzula arcuata, the smallest of our *luzulæ*, and one of the rarest and most distinct.

Luzula spicata, 6-8 inches high, slender, leaves small, narrow, &c.—*Hooker's British Flora.*

[1] CLAMJAMPHRIE, CLAMJAMFRIE, *subst.*, a term used to denote low, worthless people, or those who are viewed in this light.—*Jameson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language, Supplement*, 1825.

[2] I feel quite assured, however, that His Grace's understanding is, that no ancient road such as you refer to exists from Blair to Braemar; and, consequently, I feel pretty confident that the Duke's determination will be to resist all attempt by the public to establish any right of way through Glen Tilt.—*Letter from James Fergusson, Esq., W.S., to William Duncan, Esq., S.S.C., Scotsman, Sept.* 28, 1847.

[3] FIT, *subst.*, foot.—*Jameson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language.*

[4] YET, YET, YHATE, *subst.*, a gate.—*Ibid.*

It 's justice and it 's public richt;
We 'll pass Glen Tilt afore the nicht;
For Dukes shall we
Care a'e bawbee?
The road 's as free
To you an' me
As to his Grace himsel', man."[1]

"The Duke was at an unco loss
To manage in a hurry,
Sae he sent roun' the fiery cross,[2]
To ca' the clan o' Murray.
His men cam' down frae glen an' hill—
Four gillies and a writer chiel—[3]
In kilts and hose,
A' to oppose

[1] When they had proceeded eight or nine miles through the Glen, they encountered a party consisting of two gentlemen (said to be Captain Oswald of Dunnikier, and a Captain Drummond) and six attendants, with dogs, guns, &c. The party were challenged for walking on what was said to be a private road, and were ordered to return to Braemar. This they politely, but firmly, refused to do, stating that they were unconscious of committing any trespass, and that the road, so far as they knew, was not private, but had been used as a public one from time immemorial. The Professor stated that he had travelled along it with the late Professor Graham and Dr. Greville in 1830.—*Scotsman*, 28*th August*, 1847.

[2] The rest of this eventful evening seems to have been employed by the scientific gentlemen in congratulating each other on their escape; and, on the part of the Duke, in sending the fiery cross round the country to raise his clan.—*Times*, 7*th September*, 1847.

[3] .... The noble Duke, accompanied by two gentlemen (said to be Mr. Alex. Stewart, W.S., Edinburgh, and Mr. Evans, a painter from London) and some attendants, made his appearance.—*Scotsman*, 28*th August*, 1847.

.... The Duke then sent Mr. Stewart and two other attendants after them to watch their motions.—*Ibid*.

Their Saxon foes,
An' gi'e them blows,
An' drive them frae the hills, man.

"When Hielan' chiefs, in days o' yore,
Ga'ed oot to fecht the foe, man,
The piper he ga'ed on afore,
The line o' march to show, man.
But noo they 've ta'en anither plan—
They ha'e a pipe for ilka man:
Nae chanter guid
Blaws pibroch loud,
But a' the crowd
Noo blaw a cloud
Frae cutty pipes o' clay, man.[1]

"Balfour he wadna' fled frae fire,
Frae smoke he wadna' flee, man;
The Saxons had but a'e desire—
It was the foe to see, man.
Quo' he to them—'My bonny men,
Tak' tent when ye gang down the glen;
Keep calm an' douce,
An' quiet as puss,
For what 's the use
To mak' a fuss
Amang the Hielan' hills, men.'[2]

[1] The Duke here produced a clay-pipe, which he began to smoke industriously; and the other gentlemen followed his example.—*Scotsman*, 1*st Sept.*, 1847.

[2] The forbearance, mingled with firmness, of the gentlemen who have been so grossly treated, is very remarkable; but other people may not be disposed so calmly to endure oppression.—*Scotsman*, *August* 28, 1847.

"To keep them cool aboot the head
The Sassenachs did atten', man;
The Duke himsel' was cool indeed,
But at his ither en', man;
For win' and rain blew doon Glen Tilt,
An' roun' his houghs an' through his kilt,
Baith loud an' lang,
An' cauld an' strang,
Wi' mony a bang,
It soughed alang
Amang the Hielan' hills, man.[1]

"The Sassenachs they cam' doon to Blair,
And marched as bauld as brass, man;[2]
The Glen was closed when they got there,
And out they could na' pass man:[3]
The Duke he glower'd in through the yet,
An' said that out they sud na' get;—[4]
'Twas trespass clear
Their comin' here,[5]

[1] For two hours, in cold and rain, the party remained; and we are sorry to learn that the hardship thus occasioned, is supposed to have seriously affected the health of one of them, the son of a distinguished Judge.—*Scottish Guardian*, 31*st August*, 1847.—[Echo answers fudge.—*Typog. Diab.*]

[2] Terminum curis vagor expeditus.—HORAT., *Carmin.* I. xxii.

[3] At length they reached a gate just at the end of the Glen, where there is a lodge of the Duke's opposite, and found it padlocked, and a gillie on the other side, who told them they could not pass without the Duke's permission.—*Scotsman*, 1*st Sept.* 1847.

[4] The Duke then said, "Well, you must return; you don't move an inch farther, unless you break open the gate, which you may do, and take the consequences."—*Ibid.*

[5] *Duke*—"Don't spoil my walks with stamping. Come off that walk every one of you! Every step you take there is a trespass—a new trespass!" —*Ibid.*

For they wad fear
Awa' his deer,
Amang the Hielan' hills, man.[1]

"Balfour he said it was absurd;
The Duke was in a rage, man;
He said he wad na' hear a word,
Although they spak' an age, man.[2]
The mair they fleeched, the mair they spoke,
The mair the Duke blew out his smoke.[3]
He said, (guid lack!)
Balfour micht tak'
An' carry back
His Saxon pack
Ayont the Hielan' hills, man.

"The gangin' back was easier said
Than it was dune, by far, man;
The nearest place to rest their head
Was up ayont Braemar, man:[4]

[1] The proprietors want to have deer forests, and men or their shadows frighten the deer, so that men must be expected to accommodate stags.—*Glasgow Saturday Post, Sept.* 11, 1847.

[2] *The Duke*—"I shall not consider it an additional trespass if you return on the main walk."

Professor—"Oh! it's a trespass, then, on the side walk, but not on the main walk."

The Duke—"I shall not waste any more words with you, you must return."—*Scotsman*, 1*st Sept.* 1847."

[3] The wrathful Duke still smoked from the famous clay-pipe.—*North British Mail, Sept.* 10, 1847.

[4] In fact, under such circumstances, to walk back from twenty to thirty miles was out of the question, and they flatly refused to obey the request of the Duke.—*Caledonian Mercury, Sept.* 2, 1847.

'Twas best to seek Blair Athole Inn,
For they were drookit to the skin :
Sae syne they a'
Lap o'er a wa',[1]
An' ran awa',
Wi' a guffaw,
An' left the Hielan' hills, man.

"The battle it was ended then,
Afore 't was focht ava', man ;
An' noo some ither chaps are gaen
To tak' the Duke to law, man.
Ochon ! your Grace, my bonny man,
An' ye had sense as ye ha'e lan',
Ye 'd been this hour
Ayont the po'er
O' lawyers dour,
An' let Balfour
Gang through your Hielan' hills, man.[2]

[1] Here was a pretty situation for a party of scientific gentlemen ! They appear to have acted in the first instance upon the principle of Tam o' Shanter *in consimili casu.* Their first endeavour was to place running water between themselves and the magic owner of Glen Tilt ; but, alas ! the river was high, and scientific gentlemen are not usually strong swimmers. As nothing better was to be done, at last, in their desperation, they made their escape over a wall, hotly pursued by the Duke's familiars, the play of whose lower limbs was not shackled by any superfluous integuments.—*Times, 7th Sept.* 1847.

[2] Court of Session.—First Division.—Torrie and Others, *v.* Duke of Atholl. This case was again brought before the Court on Saturday, on a petition from the Duke of Atholl for leave to appeal to the House of Lords against the recent judgment of the Court, sustaining the title of the Pursuers to insist in the action.—*Edinburgh Courant, Monday,* 11*th Feb.* 1850.

The N. T. D. Commemoration Concert.

Air—Sui generis.

You bid me sing
As if the thing
Were done as soon as said, Sir;
As if a score
Of songs in store
I kept within my head, Sir:
And though to-night
The claret bright
Has barely wet my throttle,
You bid me do
What needs, you know,
At least a second bottle.

It 's easy work,
Like the Grand Turk,
Or some despotic king, Sir,
For you to shout
Your orders out
To other folks to sing, Sir.
But if you felt
Yourself compelled
To ply a bard's vocation,
The making rhyme
At such a time
You 'd vote a botheration.

If I had nought
Of care or thought
But how to make an ode, Sir,
I would not find
It on my mind
So very great a load, Sir:
But then, alas!
It comes to pass,
When in poetic vein, Sir,
I find some thing
Of prose step in,
And *vain* indeed it 's then, Sir.

Perchance I 've caught
Some happy thought,
Which in a little time, Sir,
Will make a verse,
Both neat and terse,
If I can find a rhyme, Sir;
When comes a note,
By porter brought,
In Celtic haste and fury,
I must go down
To Mr. Brown,
Who wants me in a hurry.

Or Mrs. Smith,
With all her pith,
Sends up her waiting-maid, Sir,
To say the pill
Has answered ill—
Its action is delayed, Sir.

Then bothered quite
I straight must write
A *haustus niger* down, Sir,
And now my fine
Poetic line
For ever 's lost and gone, Sir.

Then, as you know,
Each day at two[1]
My lecture must be pat, Sir,
On Scammonium
Or Stramonium,
Or some beastly drug like that, Sir;
And when that 's done,
Comes Robertson,
And says—" Dear bard, I hope, Sir,
That you will do
A thing or two
For next month's Periscope, Sir."[2]

Thus every day
There comes in play
Some thing my verse to smother,
And play the deuce
With my poor Muse
In one way or another;

[1] *Vide* advertisements of the Medical Classes.—*Monthly Journal, October*, 1849.

[2] *Monthly Journal of Medical Science*, No. I. of new series, January, 1850. Communications for the editor, Dr. William Robertson, to be sent, free, to 23, George Street, Edinburgh.

So as my brains,
With all my pains,
Can nothing new unfold, Sir,
Your leave I crave
To give a stave
That 's popular, though old, Sir.

Don't think I mean
To sing again
Glen Tilt, the Athole Duke, or
Balfour's affair,
For he, it 's clear,
Must yield to Joseph Hooker ;[1]
For quite surpassed
And overcast,
Glen Tilt, the fight and all, Sir,
Must now appear,
When we compare
Blair Athole with Nepaul, Sir.

By proxy now,
If you 'll allow,
My song I will produce, Sir ;
And Mario's here,
With tenor clear,
Whom now I 'll introduce, Sir ;

[1] We have received our usual express from India, with dates from Bombay to the 17th of December. The only really important event recorded in the papers before us, is the insolence of a petty potentate, the Rajah of Sikkim, in the Bengal Presidency, in having arrested and detained the British Resident of Darjeeling, Dr. Campbell, while making a tour through his territories, together with the eminent botanist Dr. Hooker.—*Times, quoted in Scotsman, January* 23, 1850.

And if his air,
You should aver,
Is sentimental trash, Sir,
I 've in that case,
As buffo bass,
Engaged the old Lablache, Sir.

But though it 's low,
Some folks I know,
To all Italian tones, Sir,
Prefer to have
A nigger stave,
Accomp'nied on "the bones," Sir;
And so to please
Such folks as these,
An Ethiopian 's near, Sir,
Who 'll sing to you
A song that 's new,
As presently you 'll hear, Sir.

PROGRAMME OF THE N. T. D. COMMEMORATION CONCERT.

Part First.

Aria—Signor Mario. *Don Pasquale*—Donizetti.

"Com' e gentil,
La notte a mezzo April."

O now genteel
And slim I feel,
When out I steal
To St. Andrew Square;

But in an hour
How changed my contour,
When I 've got secure
    My dinner there.
Now with fatigue and fag,
And empty "carpet bag,"
My limbs I scarce can drag
    Along the street;
How altered then,
When Keith's champagne
Through every vein
    Sends life and heat.
O let the wine be nice,
  Good waiter, do;
And see it well in ice,
  I beg you, too.

And better still,
With hearty swill,
When I 've had my fill
    Of claret fine;
For it, (how good!)
Renews the blood,
Though Andrew Wood
    May it malign;
For though some heads like his
It may set in a fizz,
To me it ne'er amiss
    Can come, I know;
So from his store
I 'll the waiter implore
To bring '34
    Chateau Margaux.

So waiter look alive,
  My boy, to-night,
And see that you contrive
  To have all right.

Part Second.

Aria—Signor Lablache. *Nozze di Figaro*—Mozart.

"Non più andrai farfallone amoroso."

If you 're dry in your œsophagoso,
Or cold in the tip of your noso,
Then take of champagne a good doso,
  And you 'll never complain any more.
If your throat be as dry as leather,
Or your nose turn blue in cold weather,
Or you shiver in frosts and in snows,
Or go lame with chilblains on your toes;
    If these you 've got all,
    Just wet your throttle
    With one good bottle,
    And that 's the total
    To make them trot all.
If you 're dry in your œsophagoso,
Or cold in the tip of your noso,
Then take of champagne a good doso,
  And you 'll never complain any more.

If you take it like a brick, Sir,
All your ills will leave you quick, Sir:
    Eye as bright, Sir,
      As a full moon, Sir,

Spirits light, Sir,
As a balloon, Sir.
And if you will take but plenty,
You 'll have nothing to torment ye.
Then instead through mud to splutter,
You go home upon your shutter;
With four porters stout and strong,
To carry you along
In safety through the throng,
While with loud melodious tongue
You chant a jolly song
In triumph as you go.
Though ills you 've got all,
Just wet your throttle
With one good bottle,
And that 's the total
To make them trot all.
If you 're dry in your œsophagoso,
Or cold in the tip of your noso,
Then take of champagne a good doso,
And you 'll never complain any more.

Then crack your jokes and laugh now;
While the sun shines make your hay;
And fill your glass and quaff now,
With a jolly hip hurrah!
Hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!

(An interval of two rounds of claret and anchovies will take place between the second and third parts of the Concert.)

Part Third.

NIGGER SONG, *con coro*, BY THE ETHIOPIAN SERENADER.

AIR—"Boatman ob de Ohio."

COOK bery busy down below,
Sweat be runnin' off him brow;
Roast and boil, and stew and fry,
Bery fine dinner as eber I spy.
Soup in de pot,
Bery nice and hot;
An' de sauce and de fishes,
An' de little side dishes,
An' de mutton and de beef be charmin'.
Cook him boil, cook him fry,
Cook make puddin', cook make pie.

CHORUS—*Ah! I see, dat not for me,*
It all for de doctors ob de N. T. D.

Waiter be runnin' up an' down, I see,
Like a grey squir'l on a hickory tree,
Long-neck'd bottle in ebery hand,
Not hab a moment time to stand;
Sherry bery nice,
Champagne been in ice,
An' de claret and de port
Both ob de right sort,
De heart an' de head for warmin'.
Waiter here, waiter dere,
Waiter him run ebery where.

Ah! I see, it not for me,
It all for de doctors ob de N. T. D.

How dese men deir jaws do wag!
How dey fill deir "carpet bag!"
How dey cry, wid might and main,
To de waiter for champagne!
    Sure dese chaps must get
    Nothin' at home to eat,
  Or else dey must hab been
  A-takin' ob Quinine
For a fortnight in de mornin'.[1]
    Doctor eat, doctor drink,
    Neber ob stoppin' seem to tink.

I neber see, such hunger be,
As among de doctors ob de N. T. D.

Massa Keith I no see here,
I tink him run away wid fear;
Him pay for de champagne dey hab got,[2]
An' dat cost him a five-pound note.
    Wife a bery fine ting,
    But bery great 'xpense it bring,
  For dis bery first year
  It cost him dear
When de wine bill come some mornin'.
    But Keith him laugh wid all him jaw,
    Him not care for de 'xpense a straw.

Ah! not he, it make such glee,
Among de merry doctors ob de N. T. D.

[1] Single small doses, not exceeding a few grains, have no particular obvious effect on the generality of people, except that each produces increase of appetite, and improved digestion.—*Christison's Dispensatory*, *article* QUINAE SULPHAS, 2d edit., p. 772.

[2] *Vide* Convivial Bye-Laws, Rule I.

Massa Balfour in de chair,
Him quite a happy man dis year;
Him no need ob de cost to tink,
Him nothin' to do wid de wine but drink.
    But what made him so glad,
    Him now a happy dad;
  For as sure as a guinea,
  He hab got a piccaniny[1]
Little daughter at home t'oder mornin'.
    De piccaniny lib on drink,
    Why not her Fader, Balfour tink.
        Ah! I see, dat why he be,
        So merry wid de doctors ob de N. T. D.

Dinner ober, cloth be gone,
Waiter put de claret down,
Ah! it look so nice and bright,
And dey say it be all *Wright.*[2]
    What for dey say so
    Nigger man not know,
  'Xcept dat to-night,
  If it be all right,
Dere none be left till mornin'.
    Doctor swallow, doctor drink,
    Till him eye begin to wink.
        Ah! I see, dat why dey be,
        Such bery merry doctors at de N. T. D.

[1] At 2, Bellevue Crescent, on the 26th instant, the wife of Professor Balfour of a daughter.—*North British Advertiser, February 2d.*

[2] *Vide* Convivial Bye-Laws, Rule V.

Dese chaps say de wine be good,
All but Massa Andrew Wood;
Dis chap drink till he be dead,
For him die ob water in de head.
But Simpson dere, I 'm sure,
Be able dis man to cure;
For at his skull
Wid de sucker him pull,[1]
And pump out de water in de mornin'.
Simpson tink Wood quite wrong,
Him drink him water far too strong.

How queer it be, dis man to see,
Drinking cold water at de N. T. D.

Now de Bard him try to sing,
But him not fit to do dis ting;
Dr. Scott him say it clear he
Be just a case of "bery beery."[2]
Bard him try once more,
But him now worse dan before,

[1] *Vide* Dr. Simpson on a suction-tractor, or new mechanical power, as a substitute for the forceps in tedious labours.—*Monthly Journal*, 1849, pp. 556, 618.

In conclusion, Dr. Simpson stated, that he had now used the air-tractor, which he had constructed, in several cases of labour, and with results answering his best expectations. But it doubtlessly admitted of much further improvement in construction, *in mode of application*, in working, and other details.—*Op. cit.*, p. 620.

[2] The real nature or pathology of this disease is as obscure as its origin. . . . . . Accurate observation and more extensive experience are wanting to enable us to arrive at any thing like a satisfactory conclusion on the subject.—*Vide article* BERIBERI, *by* J. SCOTT, M.D., *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, vol. i., p. 270.

So dey put dis man
Into Trotter's van,
And dey carry him home before mornin'.
Bard to-morrow, when him wake,
Hab p'raps a bad headache.

Dat may be, but what care he,
When him merry wid de doctors ob de N. T. D.

Wine it flow now like a riber,
But it too good to last for eber;
All in de cellar now be done,
So dere an end ob de Doctors' fun.
All so merry go home,
But when to-morrow come,
Dey wonder what de matter
Dat dey want soda water,
An' red herrin' to breakfast in de mornin'.
But for dis what dey care,
Dis dinner come but once a year.

It 'll all be, de same you 'll see,
At de next meetin' ob de N. T. D.

My programme now
I have got through,
And so my concert 's ended;
And fain I would
Have, if I could,
My bill of fare extended;

But the expense
Was so immense
Such talent to secure, Sir,
That more outlay,
To make it pay,
My funds would not endure, Sir.[1]

Perhaps you 've thought
I might have brought
You down some Prime Donne ;
But they, again,
Exceed the men
In their demands for money.
I had a mind
To Jenny Lind,
But now I understand, Sir,
The lovely Swede
Has just agreed
To go to Yankee land, Sir.[2]

No other dame
That I could name
But she, is worth the bringing ;
You would not care,
I 'm sure, to hear
The second-rate ones singing.

[1] Notwithstanding the great expense incurred in securing the services of these distinguished artistes, the prices will be the same as on former occasions.—*M. Jullien's advertisements, annually.*

[2] We are enabled now to state, on undoubted authority, that "the Swedish nightingale" has accepted the offer made to her by Mr. Barnum, and that she will proceed to America as soon as the necessary arrangements have been completed."—*Liverpool Mercury, quoted in Scotsman, Jan. 23, 1850.*

For like the meat
Which here you eat,
Your music should, to please ye,
On one hand be
Not *Al-boni*,
Nor on the other *Grisi*.[1]

Now lest you say
Your bard to-day
His duty has forgot, Sir,
I 've with me now
The *proofs* to show,[2]
Indeed, that he has not, Sir.
And since his lays
Of former days
You wished in print to see, Sir,
The copyright
He gives to-night
To the old N. T. D., Sir.

[1] Oh fie! Mr. Bard, "He as prigs wot is n 't his 'n," &c.—*Typog. Diab.*

[2] February 8, 1850.—The Bard, after dinner, laid upon the table the proof-sheets of the N. T. D. Odes now in the press.—*Minutes of Convivial Meeting.*

The Aesculapian.

Air—*unknown.*

Come, come, Dr. Omond,[1] what mean you by that?
Do you think, my old fellow, that I am a flat?
Or do you suppose that we bards are such asses,
As drink out of thimbles, like this, on Parnassus?[2]
Why, man, such a quantity 's not worth a plack,
We 'd get better allowance from Russell or Black;[3]
And you 're vastly mistaken, my friend, if you think
That I'm homœopathic at all in my drink.
Then fill me a bowl,
Like a good jolly soul,
That will wash down my grub
In a style worth the name,
Wealth, honour, and fame
Of the great Æsculapian Club.

Some fellows will tell you, as grave as a judge,
That wine 's a slow poison, and that sort of fudge;
A poison it may be, but I 'll be so hardy
As venture to say that its action is tardy.

[1] Æsculapian Club, Secretary, Robert Omond, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.
[2] Et calices poscit majores."—Horat., *Serm.* II. viii. 35.
[3] Proceeding gradually in his reductions, he [the Homœopathist] has brought his doses down to an exiguity before unheard of, and seemingly incredible.—*Pereira's Elements of Materia Medica*, 2d edit., vol. i., p. 143.

Your bard from these fellows a different view takes
Of the action of alcohol in therapeutics;
And he 'll prove on himself how absurd are their data,
As Christison proved the *Œnanthe crocata*.[1]
But to do this, good soul,
You must fill me a bowl
That will wash down my grub
In a style worth the name,
Wealth, honour, and fame
Of the great Æsculapian Club.

Some fellows will tell you it 's quite *infra dig*
For grave folks to be jolly; but who cares a fig
For chaps that can't learn to mix *seria cum joco*,
And, like decent people, *desipere in loco?*
With growlers like that I can never agree—
They never were meant for companions for me;
Their dull, austere visage is nauseous, because it is
Harsh and sour, like the *Pulvis jalapae compositus*.[2]
No! I 'd rather, good soul,
That you 'd fill me a bowl
That will wash down my grub
In a style worth the name,
Wealth, honour, and fame
Of the great Æsculapian Club.

[1] Relying on these results, I ate a whole tuber weighing an ounce, without observing any effect, except its disagreeable taste, which was the only circumstance that prevented me from trying a larger quantity.—*Christison on Poisons*, 4th edit., p. 864.

[2] Its objectionable effects are, that, while in the stomach, it causes frequently nausea, and sometimes vomiting.—*Pereira's Elements of Materia Medica*, 2d edit., vol. ii., p. 1273.

Then away with your croakers that call our fun folly,
As long as we can, we 've a right to be jolly :
So here 's to our Chairman—I see by his eye
He 's preparing a suitable speech in reply ;
And here 's to all fellows, whoever they be,
That like to be merry and happy as we ;
And here 's to our Club : may there long be a quorum
Of good members in it, to fill up their jorum ;
And like true jolly souls,
To quaff off their bowls,
And so wash down their grub
In a style worth the name,
Wealth, honour, and fame
Of the great Æsculapian Club.

Diploma Doctoratus Hilaritatis.

[EX LIBRO RERUM GESTARUM SOCIETATIS HARVEIANAE, EDINBURGENSIS.[1]]

OMNIBUS sodalibus
Bonis socialibus,
Vini potatoribus,
Joci amatoribus,
Hominibusque ceteris,
Testatur hisce literis
SOCIETAS HARVEIANA,
In taberna Barryana,
Se hodie in suorum
Numerum sociorum,
Lubenter accepisse
Riteque ascripsisse,
Virum bene notum
Dictum JOANNEM SCOTTUM.

[1] Harveian Society, sixty-seventh festival, Barry's Hotel, 12th April, 1848, —*inter alia*, Mr. John Scott, W.S., son of the late esteemed honorary associate of the Society, having sung with much approbation, it was proposed that the degree of DOCTOR HILARITATIS should be forthwith voted to him, which was seconded, and unanimously agreed to; and a committee was named to prepare a diploma to be presented to him at next annual festival.

Harveian Society, sixty-eighth festival, 12th April, 1849—*inter alia*, on which day the secretary produced the diploma prepared for Mr. Scott, and suggested that it ought to be presented by the bard of the Society, which was accordingly done.—*Extracted from the Minutes of Harveian Society by* R. OMOND, *Secretary*.

Nosque Harveio nati,
Ad mensam convocati,
Ex decreto **Facultatis**
Amplissimae Hilaritatis,
Hoc diploma damus,
Scottumque nunc creamus,
DOCTOREM HILARITATIS
ATQUE JOCOSITATIS.
Viribusque auctoritatis
Nostrae Societatis,
Licet Joanni Scotto,
Ut fruatur nunc in toto
Privilegiis amplissimis,
Necnon jucundissimis,
Felicium virorum,
Harveii Filiorum ;
Videlicet—ad convivium
Harveianorum civium,
Se accurate reddere ;
Quam maximum prandium edere ;
Tunc casei Italici,
Et spiritûs vini Gallici ;
Sumere quod sufficiat,
Ut ventriculo beneficiat.
Post hoc, generoso
Vino copioso,
Rubro Lusitanico,
Albôque Hispanico ;
Argillam madefacere
Et nasum calefacere,
Ad suam voluntatem
Atque capacitatem.

Tunc Praeside rogante,
Nec Scotto recusante,
Carmen cantandum est,
Feliciter jocandum est.
Dein, corde calefacto
Ventreque satisfacto,
Bibat poculum Theae,
Si placeat Coffeae,
Cum saccharo et lacte
Secundum artem factae.

In quarum rerum fidem,
Emisimus hoc idem
Diploma, sigillatum
Riteque signatum.

Samuel Paganus,
Praeses annuus.
Robertus Omondus,
Hilaris; et jucundus
Joannes Bennettus;
Scribæ a Secretis.

Edinburgi:
Pridie Idus Apriles,
MDCCCXLIX.

EDINBURGH: T. CONSTABLE, PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.